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BALLET.

[For The Echo by Julien Gordon.]

OVER her head and under her breast,
Close to her face in bird-like poses,
The ballet-master twisted and turned
The great gay bunch of crimson roses,
Darting and twisting, wreathing, writhing,
Hither and thither in rythmic grace,
Shy pirouette and airy motion,
She all but clasped them to her embrace.
Her eyes gleamed black in fitful shadow,
Her mouth grew dry like a flower in frost,
Flying feet in their pink encasement
Shot like twin blossoms a wind has tost.
The music fluttered faint, and trembled,
The women fanned in the dim parterre,
Weary royalty leaned above them
Across the loge where the footlights were.
The men were charmed: her force and freshness
Evinced the strength of her gymnast skill:
The ladies clapped in envious pity
The colder hands of a languid will.
A child cried out in the stalls above,
And stretch'd its hand for the bright bouquet.
She heard and smiled: then with patient art
Began once more her "chasse croise."
At last! at last! with mad endeavor,
One restless toss of her arms in air:
At last! at last! she clutched the treasure,
And held it high on her dusky hair.
But as she laughed, while clamor cheered her,
Its bravas ringing their praise to tell,
I saw her fingers had crushed the flowers,
And on their petals—the curtain fell!

HELEN KELLER.

NINA MONTGOMERY.

THERE is no character of to-day more full of beauty, or of general interest, than the subject of this sketch. Her mother, a daughter of General Adams, a once prominent lawyer of Memphis, ever had a wonderfully bright, strong intellect. Her father, an editor, of Tuscumbia, Ala., was a man of broad mind, and heart full of genial hospitality and noble principle. So Helen has as a birth-right her clear, fine mind, which concentrated necessarily from the oblivion around her mostly upon intellectual pursuits, and undisturbed by outer sights and sounds, has made her a prodigy. Her power seems unlimited, and there appears no height to which she cannot attain.

No stronger evidence of the mental power over the physical exists than the life of this young girl, obvious from her wonderful surmounting of every obstacle, even to speech without the power of hearing—and her growth from a wild unmanageable child into a strong, self-controlled woman. Before her teacher (Miss Sullivan) came to her no one could control her. She locked her aunt into her room one day when her father and mother were away and kept her there until their return.

She had tantrums which every one feared, as if the wild rebellion of a strong nature against the incomprehensibility of her life, and inability of expression, must vent itself. Now, my sister who lives in Memphis, and of whom Helen is fond, says her face is a living sermon against all discontent. It is radiant with good will and happiness.

She learned to dance at my sister's home, with the little girls of the neighborhood. She would gleefully "see" each motion of their feet with her quick, comprehensive hands, then imitate them until she could dance. As a child even she was extremely fond of flowers—would often wander among them as though some silent bond of fragrant soul-sympathy existed between them. Some of her thoughts about the flowers were rare and lovely. Once when Miss Sullivan followed her out among them she took her hand and said, "Return to the house, dear teacher; I wish to be alone with the flowers." An odd way of expressing her love of beauty and fitness was her refusal, when a tiny thing, to wear any garment which was without trimming. A button off was missed almost immediately by the "seeing" fingers. Her loves and intuitions were equally quick. Our uncle, Dr. Newsom, who married a sister of her father, was a great favorite of hers. She would recognize his step upon the walk before he reached the house and immediately feel some one's pulse—her way of expressing her knowledge of his approach.

The world knows and appreciates her wonderful mental strides. She has won the admiration and friendship of crowned heads and of those who wear the laurel crowns of greatness. Our own Mrs. Burnett had "Little Lord Fauntleroy" put in raised letters for her many years ago. When Phillips Brooks, for whom she named a baby brother, undertook to explain to her the existence of our Maker, she replied, "You need not tell me there is a God; I feel and know there is a God." To the pure in heart belief comes naturally. It is a part of sinful lives to doubt. Now she presses on to new heights of learning and the world watches with interest the almost magical attainments of the girl all delight to love and honor.

Julien Gordon.

From across seas comes the contribution "Ballet" to THE ECHO, from the pen of "Julien Gordon," that phenomenal product of the forcing-house system of ultra-elegant and fashionable New York society. When "A Diplomat's Diary" was given to the reading public some ten years ago, quickly followed by "A Successful Man," both bearing the keen touch of an analytical mind, and full of virility and the stronger literary forces, the masculine synonym was not questioned. But later it became known that "Julien Gordon" is in reality Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, one of the most elegant "Mondaines" in exclusive New York society. Her writings are full of her own original and brilliant personality. That this beautiful and popular woman should continue in the work she has chosen, despite social temptations and heavy obligations to the set that are such exacting creditors, invests her with an even deeper interest. We can testify that on more than one occasion Mrs. Cruger has been guilty of the truest, undeserved courtesy toward a stranger. Her sympathy with women in their ambitious labors seems unfailing. She is a great-niece of Washington Irving.

A Precious Relic.

The most precious relic in all England, and to the English in all Europe, is an old Gothic chair which stands in the Chapel of St. Edward, in Westminster Abbey, beside the sword and shield of Edward III. It is made of black oak, in the Gothic style, and the back is covered with carved inscriptions, including the initials of many famous men. The feet are four lions that look like poodle dogs with their tails curled up over their backs. The seat is a large stone, about thirty inches long by eighteen wide and twelve inches thick, and all the sovereigns of England for the last eight hundred years have sat upon it when they were crowned. The chair is known as the Coronation Chair, and the stone is claimed to be the same which Jacob, the son of Isaac, the son of Abraham, used as a pillow when he lay down to sleep on the starlit plains of Judah that memorable night, as he was on his way from Beersheba to Haran, in search of a wife. It was then he had his dream and saw angels and archangels ascending and descending a ladder that reached to heaven, and Jehovah came to him and made the great promise which is being fulfilled to the Jews this very day. And Jacob took the stone and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon it, and vowed a vow, and called the name of the place Bethel.

The kings of Israel were crowned upon this stone from the time that they ruled a nation, David and Saul and Solomon, and all the rest.

The story goes that 580 years before Christ, at the time of the Babylonian captivity, Circa, daughter of Zedekiah, the last King of Judea, arrived in Ireland and was married at Tara to Heremon, a prince of the Tuatha de Danan—which is said to be the Celtic name of the tribe of Dan. The traditions relate that this princess went originally to Egypt in charge of the prophet Jeremiah, her guardian, and the palace Taphanes, in which they resided there, was discovered in 1886 by Dr. Petrie, the archæologist. After some years they went hence to Ireland, and from Circa and Heremon Queen Victoria traces her descent, through James I, who placed the lion of the tribe of Judah upon the British standard.

Jeremiah is said to have concealed this sacred stone at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem and the captivity of the Jews, and to have brought it, "the stone of the testimony," Bethel, the only witness of the compact between Jehovah and Israel, to Ireland, whence it was known as the lia phail (stone wonderful.) It was carried to Scotland by Fergus I, and thence to London in the year 1200, and has been used at the coronation of every queen and king of England from Edward I down to Victoria. It is thus the most priceless historical object in the British empire, as it was the palladium of Israel. It is a curious fact that the altars of Ireland were called Bethel, houses of God. In the same chagel surrounding the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey are the graves of six kings, five queens, four princesses, a duke and a bishop.

The last census showed that there were 3,000 women in the United States engaged in literary work, aside from journalism. Since then the number has greatly increased.

A Women Lawyer's Club has recentbeen organized in New York city.

In Abyssini it is a crime to smoke.

THE BRITISH-BOER WAR.

THE war between the English and the South African Boers is watched with interest by America and civilized Europe. Each side has its sympathizers in this country as well as elsewhere, and those who have only the most meager knowledge of the merits of the contest are as strong in their sympathies and opinions as those whose knowledge is not alone acquired from the newspapers. The Boers have many intelligent sympathizers in this country. Many of the purest-blooded Americans desire to see the Dutchmen win, while a large per cent of American Dutch or Germans but a generation or two removed from their Fatherland ancestors, are impelled as much by racial feeling as by cold reason and justice, earnestly sympathize with the Boers. One national reason why so many citizens of a free republic, like ours, sympathize with the Boers is the fact that the latter are fighting to maintain a republic—fighting bravely against a strong power that, in the opinion of many, does not scruple to dominate weaker powers when occasion offers. The "under dog in the fight" excites sympathy, even when it is not justified by the merit of his cause. A glance at the history and character of the Boers is not uninteresting, nor untimely, in view of the present war, the result of which will mean ar other step in the onward march of civilization:

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Nearly two hundred and fifty years have been added to the centuries since the Dutch East India Company established a settlement in Cape Colony in the extreme south of Africa. Thirty-six years later this growing Dutch colony was augmented in numbers by many Huguenots who settled there. In 1795 the colonists sought to free themselves from Dutch rule, whereupon the British sent a fleet and took possession of the colony in the name of the Prince of Orange. It was subject to British rule until 1802, when it was restored to Holland. Upon the renewal of the European wars in 1806 the British again took possession, and the colony was formally ceded to them by the King of the Netherlands at the general peace of 1818. Several wars with the native Caffres occurred, the final result of which was the establishment of the present Cape Colony. Slavery had existed from the first, but the slaves were emancipated by the British in 1834. This greatly angered the Boers, who had reduced to slavery those Hottentots whom they did not destroy, after robbing them of their land. In 1835, the year following the British emancipation of the slaves, the Boers sold their farms and moved to Natal, on the southeastern shore, where they established a republican government, subjugating the natives, reducing them to slavery and otherwise treating them with brutal severity. In 1845 the English Government declared the Dutch sovereignty to exist over Natal, when after some resistance the more determined of the Boers crossed the river Vaal and set up a government of their own. The Transvaal republic lies between the Vaal on the south and the Limpopo or Crockodile river on the north. Orange Free State lies between the Transvaal and Cape Colony, with Natal on the south of Orange. The Transvaal area is about 114,000 English square miles—more than two-and-a-half times as large as Tennessee, and twice as large as England. In 1872 it had a population of only one to the square mile, while Natal, with a territory of 17,800 square miles, had a population of fifteen to the square mile, or about 270,000. The Orange Free State is about the size of Tennessee.

The Boers were originally pure Dutch, but many of them have intermarried with immigrants and refugees of different blood. The name was formerly spelled Boors. A historian, writing fifty years ago, says of the Cape Colony Dutch: "The boors, or Dutch farmers, have grazing farms which are several miles in extent, in every direction. They are the bulk of the population, and live in indolence, giving the care of the flocks and herds, which cover their extensive domains, to their farm laborers, or slaves, who are generally Hottentots. The farmer gets neither milk, butter, fruits, wine nor vegetables from his farm, but is content with three greasy meals of mutton, soaked in the fat of the long-tailed sheep, if he can also have his tobacco-pipe, which scarce ever quits his mouth, and his glass of brandy. His wife sits immovable, with a cup of coffee always before her, and his daughters, their hands folded, appear as stationary as the idols of a heathen temple. But the hospitality of this stupid household is unbounded. A stranger has only to open the door, shake hands with the master, kiss the mistress, seat himself, and he is then completely at home." Dr. Livingstone, the famous explorer and missionary, said of the Dutch colonists of the Cape of Good Hope: "They are a sober, industrious and most hospitable body of peasants." But these are not to be confounded with the Transvaal Boers, who, according to all reliable authority, possess but few of the excellent traits of Dutch character. The Transvaal Boers have great contempt for the ignorance of the natives, and told Dr. Livingstone that he might as well teach baboons or Africans. In reply Livingstone proposed a test to see whether the Boers or his native attendants could read best. The Boers declined. Livingstone's opinion of the Transvaal Boer was that he was but little less degraded than the natives. It is a matter of history that the Boers have robbed and murdered many natives; that they have forced the natives, even the friendly Betjuans, to work for nothing, and from the hostile tribes they steal domestic servants, who are forced to submit to the severest treatment.

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In the absence of intelligent personal observation and absolute personal knowledge of a country or people, one must depend upon reliable and impartial history by accepted authorities, and not upon the personal statements of irresponsible persons whose opinions are biased by their personal likes or dislikes, for information. Briefly summed up, the case of the Boer stands thus: He is a merciless oppressor when he has the power, but will not tamely submit to oppression, He is indolent, dirty, ignorant, non-progressive, a good hater, a good fighter. He is not an artisan, he is not a farmer; he produces nothing, he does not work. He has ever been impatient of the restraints imposed by the laws of civilized government and society. He has suddenly retreated before the English, offering English dominion on the one hand and enforcing slavery of the blacks on the other. The region he has controlled but not developed is rich in minerals. Outsiders, Englishmen, Americans and others have developed mines, constructed railroads, built cities and vastly increased the wealth of the country. The vast amount of taxes these have paid has made the Boer government, which was formerly with an almost empty treasury, wealthy. These developers of the country who paid over three-fourths of the taxes had few rights which the Boers respected. They said to the Boers: "We have built your towns and cities; we have developed your country; our property and homes are here; we pay nearly all the taxes; we form a large part of the population; we are interested in good government and the country's welfare; yet we have no voice whatsoever in the making of the laws which govern us. We ask, as a matter of right, that this be changed." And the Boers replied: "Nobody asked you to come here. We did not want you; we have no use for your kind; you are of the English breed, and we hate the English. You are many in numbers and you pay the taxes: no matter; we make laws to suit ourselves; this is our country; if it does not suit you, get out of it."

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Such a state of affairs could not longer exist, though it had existed for a surprising length of time. The wonder is that England, so jealous of Englishmen,s rights, and which looked with covetous eye in the direction of the Transvaal, did not act long before she did. She hesitated, however, because she knew it would be no child's play. Now that she has set herself to the task she will rest not until she accomplishes it. The English flag will float over the Transvaal. And the Transvaal will have a better government than it has ever had. However the Boer may be governed he will suffer no such hardship, injustice and cruelty as he visited upon the weaker foes which he subdued. This is a fact which the emotional sympathizers with the Boers should remember. Aside from all minor questions of right and wrong, the hand of destiny is against the Boers. They must join in the march of civilization or they must get out of the way. Eventually all those little South African states, republics and provinces will become a federation, with laws more effectually protecting life and property. This is the close of the nineteenth, not the seventeenth century. Spain defied the demands of modern progress and civilization—and she has paid the penalty. The Boers are fighting not merely the English. They are fighting against fate.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

[Selected.]

ONE morning when the earth was new,
And rainbow-tinted lay the dew,
The Father came.
Upon His waiting flowers He cast
A gentle glance, and, as He passed,
Gave each a name.

The twilight deepening, as before
He walked among His flowers once more
And asked each one
What name, apart from all the rest
He gave, its faithfulness to test,
When day begun.

The aster, columbine and rose
All answered—every flower that grows
In fie'd or wood—
Save one wee blossom from whose eyes
Shone back the color of the skies,
That silent stood.

The flowers were still: "I love thee so!"
She said; then, trembling, whispered low,
Yet I "forgot!"
"Dear child, thy name thou may'st forget
And be forgiven—only yet
Forget me not."

Remarks of a Critic.

EDITORS ECHO—Your last issue invites communications. I may be able to throw a little light on one or two matters that seem to befog THE ECHO.

Lack of local interest in the University is lamented. Let us see if we cannot find one or two of the factors in that condition of apathy.

When the admission of "co-eds" was decided upon, Dr. Dabney promptly called to see a lady prominent in social circles and one of the ladies of Ossoli. He urged the wisdom, possibility and necessity of the hearty interest and support of the good women of Knoxville; gained her consent to enlist heartily in the cause; constituted her the head and leader of a committee to be made up entirely of her own selection; said committee to overlook and generally direct the interests and well-being of the female students; to make such suggestions to the faculty from time to time as occasion and experience might develop. That committee was selected and organized.

It was urged again and again with the leader of that committee that here was an opportunity to accomplish a generous, far-reaching and lasting work for the young women of Tennessee, inasmuch as every State Senator and Representative in every county had the right to appoint some young man or woman to a free scholarship; that subcommittees could be appointed in every county, and thus a practical organization be perfected that would gather a band of deserving young women, who, leaving their alma mater, would go out into all quarters of the State as alumnæ, and active workers for the woman's department and all women's interests.

By the Faculty and the Board of Trustees it was hailed as an auspicious day when, at commencement, in Science Hall of the University, the Ladies' Committee appeared in full force and publicly accepted their share of the work, and pledged their hearty cooperation. Alas! there was "a cat in the meal-bag."

Scarcely had the echoes of that meeting died on the air before a member of that committee presented her name and made a formal demand to be elected to a professorship of the Female Department.

The application was formally presented to the Board of Trustees, and respectfully heard. It could not be considered. The University was loaded to the utmost limit of financial obligation. No possible provision could be made for paying another professor. There was no possible way that such an application could be officially considered without its being "laid on the table;" the board considered that the most delicate procedure under all the circumstances woutd be to take no official action, have the records show no minute of it, and leave the trustee who presented the application to explain that the absence of requisite funds precluded any consideration of the application beyond a respectful hearing. Thereupon the mutterings of a storm broke on the air, and a cyclone was precipitated with dire intent to blight the institution. The whole committee flew up in "high dudgeon;" resigned "lock, stock and barrel;" declared they had been indecorously treated, and refused to allow the Trustees or Faculty to "play in the back-yard" of the High Sanhedrim of Ossoli.

Every now and then muttering thunders could be heard of contempt, opposition and threatenings. The first session a handful of Knoxville girls braved the storm of feminine disapproval, and the "Co-Ed" Department has moved on step by step, until by increasing numbers and needs the President was led to provide a Dean of the Woman's Department. And here again the thunders roared because the original applicant was not sent for and created professor, despite the fact that financial considerations still precluded that possibility.

The University has lived; the number of female students increases year by year, and the result shows that the good women—who have assumed, so zealously, "woman's work for women"—simply slammed the door in their own faces and shut themselves out of an opportunity to organize from earnest, eager students the best practically educated young women in the State—a little army well equipped, that would simply have become invincible in "woman's work for women," reaching, in the next decade, every county in the state; all united for one common purpose, imbued with one common ideal and cemented together by the common bond of alumnæ, all of them daughters of Ossoli giving to their foster mother the brightest and best educated young women from Carter to Shelby. But the committee was dominated by a motive power that has been set forth in Scripture as fatal to any cause—"a zeal that was not according to knowledge."

The majority of these good women meant well; lack of experience in the administration of a public trust led them astray. Men have been accustomed from time immemorial to the presence, in every community, of that class of individuals who will kick out of the harness unless allowed to do the driving; men of the "rule or ruin" type. These ladies had not learned that such an individual schemer could exist within the narrow limits of their own confidential circle. Thus the bitter pill of individual discomfiture and personal revenge was heavily sugar-coated with the specious plea of discourtesy to women, adroitly chlorol formed down the throats of the committee, and they, dear creatures, do not realize to this good day the actuafact that lay at the bottom of their resignation do not suspect that they were "hoo-dooed" by one of their own number. They will learn. They simply have not gotten "broad" enough [illegible] understand that individ[illegible]ing under oath to guardian[illegible]tees of a public institution, [illegible] solemn oath before God and men to act, at all times and under all circumstances, with an eye single to the best good of the charge with which they are entrusted cannot (however much personal feeling and sympathy may be enlisted) turn aside to the pleas of charity, the demands of individual ambition or greed, or the recognition of public clamor. Duty, and not sentiment, must control their judgment.

Another reason for lack of interest in the University is the social close-communion—high teas, fashionable receptions, full dress germans—all strictly on the scale of "set," "clique" and "coterie," as relentless and immutable as the caste customs of India, as hollow and hypocritical as the pretenses of the Pharisees, admitting of no entry on the part of University students who do not come prepared for dress parades in the social whirl. There is no social life in the town that is either genial or congenial. All stilted, strained; a conglomerate mass of struggling, aspiring, envious, suspicious, conflicting elements, flung together by the conscriptive force of a disordered appetite for excitement and social prestige.

It is a sad fact that the so-called social entertainments of the day, instead of being occasions of sincere, honest, unadulterated hospitality, where the home is thrown open to guests who are really welcome, are in reality mere stage-light performances, "playing to the galleries" to be recorded in the society column "in testimony thereof" that the aforesaid hostess is "in the swim."

One might easily gather up all the true, social, hospitable courtesy—that courtesy which comes from genuine good breeding, has no axe to grind, no personal end to accomplish, no individual vanity to foster—one could easily gather up all of that old-fashioned, genuine, honest, hearty hospitality which is to be found among Knoxville's "Four Hundred," self-constituted, arrogant as they are, and blow it through a humming bird's quill into a musquito's eye without making the insect blink. X.

The most heavily insured man in the United States is John Wannamaker, of Philadelphia. His life insurance amonts to $2,025,000—all but $60,000 of which was taken out after he was 50 years of age.

The Czar of Russia probably owns a greater quantity of china than any person in the world. He has the china belonging to all the Russian rulers as far back as Catherine the Great. It is stored in an immense closet in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg.